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## IS MERRIMENT DECLINING?

THERE is an impression prevailing that the present is a somewhat mournful period; and that as man grows wiser his capacity for mirth grows less. It is remarked that our lighter literature has lost in jocundity during the past twenty years. No one has succeeded Dickens in broad hearty humour. We have no audacious versifier like 'Ingoldsby.' No half-smiling, half-cynical humorist has followed the lead of Thackeray into the follies and vices of higher society. Eccentricity is disappearing among the less polished of the people. Cabmen, clodpoles, and costermongers neither use the quaint locutions of former times, nor do they indulge in buffooneries to the extent of their predecessors. 'Chaff' is not so pertinent as it was; badinage is less relished in the clubs; tomfooleries have become intolerable.

Many social gatherings are bankrupt of joy. The class of merry diners-out, who once set the table in a roar with their madcap sayings, funny stories, and nimble repartees, those jolly fellows are becoming historic. The survivors do not evoke the tempests of cachinnation that once shook the dinner-table. Somehow, old-style jocularly has lost its savour.

Bacchanalian songs have quite disappeared, even from the symposia of students and tavern roysterers. From negro minstrelsy, too, the fun is exhaling. The modern playwright does not add much to the gaiety of life. Typical characters have been 'used up' long ago; and the decay of oddity and eccentricity robs the dramatist of new models. A few years back, a new style of comic songs appeared, often inane in the text, but blithesome in tune. Certain sections of society were greatly entertained by them. Yet these are waning. Christmas pantomimes have delighted several generations. But at length, the 'Clown' fails to rejoice the youngsters by his grotesque ill-treatment of the Pantaloon and the police. His knavish escapades and burlesque benevolences do not evoke the delirious approbation of former

days. And the moving melodrama of Punch, which for a couple of centuries interested the youth of Europe, has lost much of its glamour for our urchins. The thin and incredulous crowd that condenses round the perambulating abode of the cynical hunchback, grows continually less; and the income of the showman dwindles portentously. For the twentieth century, it is to be feared Punch will be an archaeological reminiscence, which will furnish a theme for the learned. In our ears resound the last bursts of laughter excited by his marital unkindness and the indignation of his dog Toby.

With moribund Punch are dying those antique festivals of which he was an important, nay indispensable feature. The puppet-show goes far away into time. Railways have killed the great fairs that used to be held in every part of Europe, and which gave the international multitudes opportunities for pleasure in the intervals of business. Village 'wakes,' formerly universal in England, have fallen into desuetude. May-day brings no rejoicings as of yore. The Maypole has lost its significance, and a group of morris-dancers would astonish our present rustics as much as Harlequin and Columbine would if they performed a lilt upon the Thames Embankment. Only draymen and carters pay homage now to the genius of Spring. They adorn their steeds with gay ribbons and furnished harness, when the merry month opens. But there is something fictitious in the observance, and it will fade as the homage of the sweeps has done. The sooty pantomimists who used to dance round Jack-in-the-Green, no longer impede the traffic of London thoroughfares. An unsympathetic police bade them, with other anachronisms, 'move on' long ago. The fiery carnival of Guy Fawkes has been extinguished by the same authorities. Only here and there is the effigy of 'Guy' to be seen on the fifth of November dodging the guardian of order in the streets. Bonfires, squibs, the salvos of Lilliputian cannon, are forbidden; ay more, are voted unmeaning nuisances by the adult public.

Christmas, too, grows yearly more grave. Even the strait-laced, the dyspeptic, and the saturnine formerly agreed to be jolly and *sans souci* at that gracious season. To be hospitable and to lavish hospitalities then, was deemed an imperative duty. Kill-joys might snarl and scoff at every other festivity, but to abstain from the wassail of Yuletide was equivalent to *lèse-majesté*. Immoderate indulgence in eating, drinking, and dancing was not only allowed, but encouraged by moral custodians. For a time the machinery of society was allowed to run out of gear—misrule reigned in place of law. If we have not 'changed all that,' we have vastly modified the licensed dissipation of Father Christmas. Enjoyments are less gross, less prolonged, more intellectual, less sensual than they were 'forty years ago.'

The same may be said of the festivals of Easter and Whitsuntide. They are no longer marked by drunken orgies, by ribald pleasantries, by street jokes, as of old. Not that these have quite disappeared. Roughs, blackguards, and inebriated buffoons still accentuate our holidays with the marks of coarser times. But the public is against them, and their ideas of merriment are an offence to all of higher taste.

Nor is the sombre shadow falling upon British mirthfulness absent from other European countries. Modern Frenchmen are not so gay as their fathers were. They are losing that boyish *insouciance* which made them seize pleasure without effort. Cafés are more frequented than ever; theatres are densely crowded; racegrounds are black with excited spectators; and summer holidays are more enjoyed than before the era of railways; still, the face of Jacques Bonhomme has lost much of its old vivacity, and is sicklied o'er with nineteenth-century pensiveness. The old Gallic *abandon* has gone from rural and civic hearts, and an indefinable inquietude has taken its place.

Italians have not been noted for joviality at any period. Serene lassitude, puerile trivialities, varied with frenzied lottery-gambling, have marked the intervals of serious business. But the Carnival provoked such merriment as the nation was capable of, and foreign onlookers often wondered how men and women could find pleasure in the childish nonsense indulged in. Now, the Italians themselves wonder where the fun lies in silly practical jokes; and they also ask is it necessary to spend eleven days in a saturnalia which has quite lost its significance. Were it not for municipal subventions and the astuteness of interested shopkeepers and hotel proprietors, the Roman Carnival would soon cease. Even in the Eternal City, the spirit of commercial utilitarianism has penetrated, and will end by abolishing a festival which it has already condemned as ridiculous. And not only in Rome is the Carnival decaying; it is moribund in every part of the Peninsula, and indeed of the Catholic world. The number of religious holidays grows less, too. Business cannot be interrupted nowadays, when it has passed from the locality to the whole world. France, Italy, Spain, Austria, and other Catholic countries are bound by the telegraph, the Stock Exchange, and the ten thousand strands of trade, to do as Britain and America do, or take the disastrous consequences of negligence.

In the United States, where business is more developed than in England, where it is the occupation of a whole people, holidays of a formal kind are fewer than elsewhere. On the fourth of July the nation rejoices universally in the anniversary of its independence; on the first of June it commemorates its fallen heroes, who gave their lives to maintain the Union. Whatever further relaxations are indulged in are according to the taste and financial capabilities of individuals. This, indeed, is the distinction between modern and ancient times. Formerly, the people amused themselves *en masse*, and at stated periods. Nowadays, individuals take their pleasures when and where and how they please. Superficially, the inhabitants of the United States seem to be immersed in almost incessant toil. Fundamentally regarded, they are the greatest holiday-makers of the age. Rich and poor alike, when opportunity serves them, seek large and varied repose—not by hallooing in the streets, not by crowding into murderous congestions in some particular spot, but by dispersing over the whole planet.

This brings us to answer the question we started with: Is merriment declining? Fully and frankly, we say *No*. The quality of merriment has changed, but the quantity of it now diffused through the Caucasian family of man is greater than at any previous time. Gregarious merriment has given place to personal merriment. We do not laugh *en bloc*, as the Athenians did at the comedies of Aristophanes; but the audiences of a hundred theatres delight in the doings on board H.M.S. *Pinafore*. The merry tales which amused the idlers of the Forum and market-place are now read by millions in every place. Verbal drolleries emitted from London, New York, Melbourne, or Calcutta, are despatched in printed form to every part of the earth, and tickle the fancy of innumerable readers. Could the hurricane of laughter they provoke be concentrated, it would stun the ears of humanity more than the most stupendous clamours of the elements. Weak as the comic journals of Britain, America, and France may be at times, the quantity of real humour they create in a year is extraordinary. If we compare any good collection of *bons-mots* of the previous half-century with those appearing now, there is no disparagement of contemporary wit possible. Nor does the caricaturist's pencil lose its point. It is not so coarse as it was; but its tracings are quite as poignant to folly, sham, and pretence. The improved manners of the time are as marked in humorous literature and illustration as they are in other things; and this greater geniality is positive evidence that mankind is more wisely happy than it was. The greatest proof that amusement is desired, lies in the immense success that many of the comic periodicals have attained.

Humour partakes of the idiosyncrasy of the period, like other matters. We cannot find the fun which lay under the noses of our fathers. It has gone with the objects that produced it. The rollicking scenes of *Tom Jones* and *Roderick Random* have gone with the turbulent, sensual, and ignorant people who lived amid them. Squire Western has not a representative in the most stationary of the shires. Our fox-hunters are like men of another species. No surgeon's

mate could possibly meet with the adventures of Roderick, in our ironclads; nor is there probability of the existence of another Midshipman Easy, on board any ship in the fleet. Those who complain that Dickens has no successors, must address their grievance to history, which refuses to allow two epochs to be alike. Pickwick, the Wellers, and other worthies, belong to the age when steam was not. The amazing outbursts of enterprise which followed the invention of railways, flooded 'society' with a host of humbly-born plutocrats, whose financial dominion excited the wrath and the cynical jocularities of the privileged. But the *nouveaux riches* have multiplied to such a marvellous extent that to ridicule them would be absurd. The 'caste' spirit has evaporated to an immense extent; so that a speculative 'Jeames,' instead of being despised for seeking to rise out of a menial to a higher position, is applauded. First Lords have abolished the ruffians and tyrants who caused the woes, comic and tragic, of Marryat's heroes; and commiseration has done much to annihilate the picturesque squalor in which Lever's grotesque peasants fooled and fretted away their lives. Our recent humorists have been social reformers, the most searching and effective of all that extraordinary legion of humanitarians which have made the nineteenth century so different from its predecessors.

Education and the interfusion of town and country folks are fast erasing the quaint rurals whose psychological peculiarities were so wonderfully reproduced by George Eliot. Uncouth speech and archaic phraseology will erewhile be as rare in the village as in the city. Science is gradually destroying the superstitions which maintained romance in the country long after it had perished in the town.

As civilisation goes on reducing all classes to intellectual uniformity, amusements will necessarily change. But they will not fail. The appearance of a new school of humorists in America is evidence that laughter and smiles are not becoming obsolete. Preoccupied by the cyclopean labours of converting the wilderness into infinite cities, and eager for wealth beyond all other people, the Americans find time to enjoy the drolleries arising from the very gravity of their pursuits, and from the odd incidents arising out of the blending of many races into one people. German ponderosity and Hibernian flightiness are producing a novel sort of literature, as the two races mingle, and promise mankind incalculable entertainment when the American *genus homo* becomes more distinctive.

Considering the incessant activity of the time, the large demands made by science upon the attention of all but the lowest classes, and the serious problems arising from the profoundly modified condition of society, it would not be wonderful if fun and frolic were wholly eclipsed. We cannot be in two places at the same time; nor can we be under the influence of two moods. Joyousness depends upon favourable conditions, upon good health and kindly relations with men and things. When we find, therefore, that in spite of the rush and roar prevailing everywhere, in spite of remorseless egotisms, and of the endemic 'malady of thought,' that laughter innocent and hearty still ripples over the grim

ocean in which we swirl, we may well take courage, and believe that amusement is as much the appanage of man as labour.

But we also are legatees of the toils and tribulations of those who did in their day what we are doing now. The peace and security in which we live had to be fought for; the thousand instruments for winning food which cost us no invention, had to be pondered out by our fathers. We possess all the gains of the infinite labourers of the past, and among them the treasures of humour contained in the literatures of all peoples. Our sources of amusement are indeed inexhaustible, and our leisure abundant compared with that of former times. It is admitted that human nature is capable of indefinite improvement, and that our faculties expand with their exercise. Hence it follows that the joyous susceptibilities of our species may be expected to develop with the rest. And such we find to be the case. The higher races have the sense of humour much more acute than the lower. Savages rarely laugh. The incidents of their lives have little in them that is comical. Semi-civilised Mongolians cannot comprehend the frolicsome gaiety of the Western world. The Japanese are truly a merry race, but resemble our children rather than our youths in their amusements. Among ourselves, too, the modes and sources of humour are higher than they were. Obscenity and profanity do not evoke the laughter of our rustics, as they did even a few years ago. Idiots and mental weaklings do not furnish butts for rude jokers now. The base and the malignant may still find a ferocious pleasure in scoffing at the deformed and the odd-tempered; but the sympathies of the people are with the sufferers. Ill-natured wit is less relished than at any previous time; cruel amusements are ever growing wider asunder.

Amusements, like other things, are less violent than they were; people can enjoy fun without the strident roars of noisier times. It is not laughter holding both his sides that relishes 'a good thing' most. We can digest a joke without any more symptoms of the process than a smile; and yet the assimilation of it into our mental being will be more complete than if we had gone through muscular paroxysms in 'getting it in.' No people enjoy the absurd more than the Americans; still they laugh less than the English. It is indeed possible to be merry in a quiet way, and that we are becoming. Our merriment is of a temperate kind, and therefore will last longer than the furious pleasures of earlier times.

#### A TRUE STORY OF THE OLD COACHING-DAYS.

MANY years ago, when a journey from Edinburgh to London was a matter of days instead of hours, I started to make it, for the first time in my life, in the stagecoach which I shall call the *Royal William*. I was travelling alone, inasmuch as I knew none of the other passengers; but the guard had been 'tipped' to look after me, and he did that as well and for as long as he could. It was about ten days before Christmas. I was going to pay my first visit to London, having left school 'for good' some months before. The prospect of the journey had been scarcely less delightful than that of London itself, and tedious

as it would be thought in these luxurious days, even by healthy young people such as I then was, I enjoyed it thoroughly—at least until more than half of it was over. There was snow in the air, but none on the ground, and our four 'spanking' horses took us along at ten miles an hour, including the stoppages.

All went well until we got to Yorkshire. We had for some hours been going through a snow-covered region, and our pace had consequently been somewhat diminished; but when we reached the wild moors of Yorkshire, the snow came down in blinding clouds, and darkness setting in, we lost our way. Between the drift and the darkness—for it was about five o'clock in the afternoon—we had managed to get off the high-road, and only discovered our mistake when, after much plunging and struggling on the part of the horses, and coaxing and swearing on that of the driver and guard, all of which was more exciting than agreeable, the wheels stuck fast in the snow, and the exhausted animals absolutely refused to go a step farther.

Where we were, we could not tell—it was even a matter of doubt if we were on a road at all. We could just dimly see the white moorland stretching away on every side. There were neither stars nor moon, and the pale rays from the coach-lamps, which shone coldly on the snow, extended no farther than the leaders' heads.

One passenger proposed that we should all crowd together inside the coach, then—necessity having no law—feast upon any edibles that happened to be in it, and finally try to sleep till morning. But, for several reasons, few of us cared for that plan, without first making another effort to get back to the high-road; so the guard took his horn, and two gentlemen a lantern, and they went off together to reconnoitre. In ten minutes they came back to say that they could not make anything of the situation; but that they had seen the lights of a house down in a hollow not far off, and were of the opinion that it would be better for us to try to reach it, rather than remain where we were all night. We all got out of the coach and started for the house, leaving guard and coachman behind, but promising to send them assistance when we reached our destination. The two gentlemen with the lantern guided us; and in about a quarter of an hour we reached the lodge-gates, after much parleying whereat, we were at length allowed to proceed to the house itself.

We were not astonished that the porter had been so unwilling to admit us when we discovered, as we soon did, that the house was already full of Christmas guests, most if not all of whom would be remaining over the night; for in the country in those days, flying visits were more or less impracticable in winter, and this was one of those isolated dwellings whose inmates might be kept prisoners for weeks at a time. But notwithstanding their crowd of guests, the master and mistress—whom I shall call Williams—received us very kindly, warned us, fed us, and immediately sent off two of their own men-servants to assist the guard and driver to bring the horses to their stables.

Never were belated travellers more fortunate! Such an inundation of strangers must have been a serious inconvenience in a house already so full

of people; but Mr and Mrs Williams made us all at once feel at ease, and were very much distressed that they could only find sleeping accommodation for the ladies of our party; beds would be made up in the barns for the gentlemen, however, 'which would not,' they hoped, 'be found very uncomfortable.' The gentlemen of course were delighted with the idea, and declared their willingness to sleep anywhere—as indeed we ladies had also done.

So the evening passed on; and a very pleasant evening it was, with music and dancing—those dear old country-dances that one never sees nowadays, when old ladies and old gentlemen danced together and looked dignified, or heartily merry, and sometimes graceful. Also, it added greatly to my enjoyment when I discovered in the course of the evening that Mr and Mrs Williams were old and warm friends of my own father and mother. Although I had never before seen them, I had heard them spoken of by my parents, who would be delighted when they got news of their old friends in so unexpected a way. In these days of railway trains and penny-posts, one need never lose sight of one's friends; but things were different then, and I knew that my father and mother were not even aware whether the Williamses were still in this world.

The gentlemen passengers retired about eleven o'clock; but the rest of us sat chatting for nearly another hour. During this time, some remarks I accidentally overheard led me to the conclusion that we ladies were just one too many for the sleeping accommodation of the house, which was not a very large one, and that Mr Williams himself intended to go and sleep in a small cottage that had once been the bailiffs', but was now unoccupied. To turn our host out of his own house, seemed really barbarous, so I entreated him to let me go instead. At first he laughed at the idea as ridiculous; but when I showed him that I was in earnest, was not the least afraid, and indeed rather enjoyed the idea of such a finish up to an adventurous day, he gave in.

When all the other guests had retired, my new friends kept me a little longer at the drawing-room fire talking about my father and mother; then Mrs Williams wrapped me up and went to the hall-door with me. There I bade her good-night; and Mr Williams, with a lantern in his hand, led the way to the cottage, which stood about a hundred yards from the house, and consisted of two rooms opening into one another. Servants had been sent to prepare the place; and with bright fires in both rooms, it looked very snug; the occupants of the barns, I thought, might be less lonely, but could not be more comfortable. The rooms were very bare; but they were clean enough to all appearance, and there in the inner one lay my bed, white and inviting. There was a chair, and a washing-stand, and a small table with a looking-glass and four lighted candles on it. Candles were lit also in the other room; and my host advised me to keep them burning through the night, so that, should I awake, I might not find myself in the dark. A further supply lay on the table.

'Now,' said Mr Williams, when we had taken a look round, 'shall I not stay, and let you

go back to the house? I am sure it would be better—in fact, the only proper thing to do.

But I would not recant, and declared that I did not anticipate things could have been made so comfortable; at which Mr Williams laughed, and, seeing that I was obdurate, yielded.

'Shall I lock you in, then, or will you keep the key yourself?' he asked.

'Lock me in, please; it sounds more secure,' I replied.

'Ah,' he said with a smile, shaking his head at the last part of my answer, and looking ready to begin the argument all over again. 'But since you will be obstinate, I will come and let you out at half-past seven.' So saying, he bade me a kindly good-night, and went out, locking the door behind him.

The door between the two rooms stood open, the fire crackled cheerily, and the candles burned brightly. On the table stood a bag, which Mrs Williams had told me contained everything necessary to my comfort.

I undressed a little, took down my hair, and began to brush it. Suddenly I was startled by a peculiar sound, seemingly quite close to me. It was a gentle clink-clink, like a chain rattling. I held my brush suspended, and listened. Pooh! What a white face was that in the glass! It must be some dog kennelled near, and Mr Williams had not thought of telling me of it. Yet I could have declared that the sound was in the cottage—in the room where I was, even! But that of course was impossible. I drew a breath, very gently, and went on brushing my hair.

There!—it came again—clink-clank—this time louder than before, and seemingly so near my back, that I looked over my shoulder almost expecting to see something. But there was nothing visible. I turned my eyes to the other room. Nothing there either, that I could see; the candles' shadows, but no other—shadows. It was nonsense to tell myself that 'it might be imagination,' for I knew it was not. I wished that I had eyes in every part of my body, especially in my back, and I began to regret that I had willed to be a prisoner, instead of keeping the power of escape in my own hands.

All was quiet again, except that I almost fancied I heard the sound of breathing. Was it possible, I wondered, that I could hear the breathing of any creature outside the cottage? Impossible, surely; *this* must be imagination; it would be myself breathing! And when people were feeling nervous—I meant frightened—their senses were not always to be depended upon!

With these reflections, I tried to shake off my fears, and went on brushing my hair. But I had never noticed before what a noisy operation this was, my boots creaked so loudly at every motion. I made haste with as little noise as possible, twisted it up, and was ready to go into bed, when the sound came again—clink-clink-clank, quite distinctly. It startled me fearfully this time. I had really, I believe, been half-hoping that it was imagination; but there was no doubt now. Where the sounds came from, I could not before exactly tell; now, however, I felt certain that the cause of them was not farther off than against the outside of the cottage wall behind my bed. It might be a dog; but I could

not help feeling as afraid as if it were something very different.

I got into bed. Once warmly covered up, I did feel a little more secure; but my heart still kept thumping, and instead of trying to sleep, I strained my eyes to their widest, that they might take in every corner of the place at once. Some minutes passed, and I heard no sound but a coal gently sinking, and the breathing that must be my own—or imagination—then, suddenly, clink-clank, clink-clank, loud and fast, and the next moment a man crept slowly out from under my bed!

Now, indeed, my heart leaped into my mouth! Paralysed with terror, I just lay and gazed at him. He crept along the floor towards the fire, clanking as he went; then he stood up—a tall, slightly-made, youngish man, with a dark fierce face and brilliant eyes—and leaning forward, with his back to me, he spread out his hands to the blaze; awful hands to look at; long and thin and cruel-looking—like the claws of some monster, they seemed to me; and chains hung round each wrist, rattling slightly and glittering in the fire-light, as his eyes did also.

For some moments I lay and gazed at him, scarcely breathing, expecting every instant that he would turn his head and see me. He did not; but of course I dared not stay there. Yet I seemed spellbound to the spot; and it was with a great effort of will, but without any definite idea what to do, that I managed one desperate move. I slipped out of bed, and, with my eyes fixed on the man, glided swiftly to the door, into the other room, and into the corner that was most in the shade. Had he but turned his head half an inch as I passed, he must have seen me; but he kept his eyes on the fire with an awfully hungry look—and perhaps my motions were as noiseless as I wished them to be. Once I was into the corner, he could not see me without coming into the room. But he might do that any moment; and then? I stood still and rigid, listening. I could not now see him. A long long time it seemed that he stood in the same position, then the chains clanked loudly, and I heard him walking across the floor.

He must be coming now! I thought I would have died that moment. My heart seemed to stand still. But he did not come; he had gone towards the bed, for presently I heard it creak as he lay down on the top of it. Then, after some restless moving about and rattling of the chains, all was still. I could not tell whether he had fallen asleep or not; for I dared not move, lest he should be awake. There was nothing that I could sit on, and there I had to stand with my bare feet on the uncarpeted wooden floor, with no covering but my night-dress. It was fearfully cold. If only I had had some clothes on, I thought I should not have been quite so defenceless! Then horrible thoughts came and tortured me. Perhaps the man knew I was there quite well, though he might have been asleep at first, and was just keeping me in suspense till it was his pleasure to come and pounce on me with those awful chains and claw-like hands of his.

A long time passed in this way, and then once more my heart leaped into my mouth. I heard the man get up, walk to the fire, and put on some coals. He stood there a minute, then

walked to the table, which was exactly opposite my door, but not within range of my sight, snuffed each candle, paused again a full minute, hesitating, perhaps, then walked back to the bed and lay down.

Suspense is a terrible thing; and the cold was becoming every moment more intense. Sometimes my knees bent under me, and I slid down almost to the ground; then, alarmed to find myself in so unguarded a position, I would start up again, and try to stand straight and alert—as if my poor readiness would be of any avail when things came to the worst!

So the long hours passed. The man did not get up again, and I thought he must be asleep, for when at length the fire and the candles in both rooms went out almost simultaneously, he took no notice of it, but left us in darkness. For some hours it was a darkness that might be felt; but it did not add much to my terror, for it made me feel a little safer and farther away from him.

All this passed in what seemed years instead of hours; till at last my heart gave a great bound of hope, for there, through the window, which had neither blind nor shutter, I could see lights moving about over the snow in different directions. Then all the lights came together to the door, and some one tried to open it. Alas! it was locked and the key gone, as I knew. So, after another futile attempt to open it, the lights all moved slowly away. I was afraid to go forward to the window, lest the man should see me and the torch-bearers should not; I only moved along the wall so as to be opposite to it, and waved both hands in a silent frenzy. No one saw me, and soon all the lights had quite disappeared. This disappointment almost deprived me of all the strength I had left; but I was too thoroughly terrified to faint. I was in no hurry for any such luxury, and now every moment expected that the man, roused by the noise at the door, would get up and come into my room to examine it. However, time passed on, and he did not move, only now and then the chains rattled a little, as if he were turning in his sleep.

At last the total darkness began to give way; a faint grayness came stealing through the little window. The night was *not* going to last for ever! Slowly the grayness grew towards light, very slowly but unceasingly, and I could dimly see every object in the room—when at last I heard footsteps outside, then the key put in the lock, and—oh, how slowly!—turned. It was my deliverer.

All the terror of the past night and the joy of the present moment seemed now suddenly crushed together and pressed upon my head. I was mad for the time, I suppose. I waited till the door was open, then fled out into the snow. 'Don't go in there!' I said in a whisper like a shriek. 'Lock the door!'

'Good heavens!' Mr Williams exclaimed, obeying—and then he caught me up in his arms.—My hair had turned quite white.

But I did not discover that till many months afterwards, for, being ill, I had no need of a looking-glass. I learned then, too, for the first time, that my fellow-prisoner was a madman, who had escaped from an asylum some miles off.

Perishing with cold, he had crept into the cottage after the servants—who had left the key in the door—had finished their preparations, and so had not been discovered. He was a dangerous lunatic; so it was as well that I did not know that, for a madman is a greater terror to me than the most desperate of escaped convicts. The men with the torches had come in search of him.

Mr Williams ran with me to the house, and sent three men to the cottage. They were no more than in time, as the wretched man was escaping from one of the windows just as they came up, and they had a severe struggle with him before he was overpowered. The same morning he was restored to the asylum, where he died a few weeks afterwards, worn out with an access of madness.

Ever since that time I have lived in dread of going mad. Indeed, I do not think I am always quite so sane as other people. But I am an old woman now, and I think I shall be spared worse madness. I have written this in the hope of easing my mind a little; though I can never forget that night.

#### THE SEAMY SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE.

FROM a Return of Judicial Statistics for the year 1881, issued by the Home Secretary, it appears that there are no fewer than seventy-one thousand six hundred and thirty-seven known thieves and depredators in England and Wales. Of these, however, only thirty-nine thousand one hundred and sixty-one are in a position to carry on active operations, the rest being in convict or local prisons. These criminals are worse than drones in the social hive. They are the Ishmaelites of society, preying upon honest people when out of prison, and supported at the public expense when in. Without reckoning the value of property stolen and not recovered during the year, we find that the cost of police and prisons in 1881 in England and Wales was nearly four millions sterling, which has to be defrayed either by direct or indirect taxation.

The halcyon days of thieving—when bands of stout fellows lived a bold and free life under the greenwood tree, and balanced the despoiling of a fat abbot by the succouring of a distressed widow; or when bold moss-troopers, Scotts or Percies or Douglasses, conducted a doughty Border raid—are for ever gone. The average thief nowadays is a very mean-spirited creature indeed. Though he has plenty of low cunning, he is not a many-sided man. He generally has but one particular 'lay,' and after serving a term of imprisonment, returns to his old haunts and habits. A 'cracksmen' or housebreaker does not commit paltry shop-door thefts, while a pickpocket seldom figures in a charge of robbery by violence. Some thieves are notorious for thefts from children. Others have their peculiar vocation in snatching greatcoats from unguarded lobbies, or appropriating stray door-mats. The detective knows this, and conducts his inquiries accordingly. This officer is the abhorrence of the professional thief. The uniformed constable can be watched as he lounges leisurely along; but the detective working silently in plain clothes, often pounces on the thief when least expected.

The popular delusion that a detective was an almost supernatural being who could find out dark and mysterious crimes as if by magic, and who always turned up in the nick of time, has now nearly gone. By a fortunate chance, an officer may occasionally stumble on the thing he is looking for; but success is generally the result of patient, laborious, and often disagreeable or dangerous work. He must be cool and wary, for he has to deal with all sorts of persons. While apparently noticing nothing, he examines everything with an observant eye. Much of the information given him is utterly worthless, some of it being purposely calculated to mislead; but from such he often draws conclusions of the very opposite character to those intended by the informer. Local knowledge, and a thorough understanding of the nature and habits of each criminal in his district, are of the greatest assistance to a detective officer.

In a number of cases, however, common-sense is the best safeguard of the public against imposition. Some swindles are of such a nature that the victims choose rather to pocket their chagrin and suffer the loss in silence, than be dragged into a court to give evidence, or have their names appear in the public prints. We shall briefly describe some of these swindles, as, notwithstanding the warnings so often given in the newspapers, the imposition still goes on, and complaints by victims of the first two species have lately come under our notice.

There is the swindling Loan Company, with its commodious chambers in a good locality, and a large brass plate on the door. A speciously worded advertisement informs the needy that money on personal security can be borrowed at a moderate rate of interest. There is a delightful haziness about the paragraph, suggestive of long credit and a disinterested and philanthropic lender. The embarrassed tradesman or struggling young professional man, ashamed to let his friends know how the shoe pinches him, thinks this is the thing for him, and writes for particulars. He receives a circular showing the Company's terms, and containing a list of questions to be answered, and also containing a demand for an advance fee, varying in amount from half a guinea to two guineas. If sent, the advance fee is invariably retained; while in many cases a curt intimation is sent that the Company decline to entertain the application. When a loan is granted, a high rate of interest is charged, and the first year's interest is deducted from the loan; while the borrower is obliged to grant a bond over his house, furniture, or stock-in-trade. On these, if there is the slightest failure in giving them their pound of flesh, the Company generally foreclose at the most inconvenient time for the borrower. If a man's business is in such a state that a temporary loan can help him, and his character is good, he will seldom be at a loss for somebody who knows him to give him a friendly lift. If this is not the case, it is far better that he should give up the business, pocket his pride, and start journeyman again, than, by getting into the hands of harpies, ruin his prospects for life.

There are various mock-auctions in every large town. A decoy at the door invites the unwary passenger to walk in, as the sale, or,

as he unconsciously informs you, the 'sell,' is just going on. When an outsider does go in, a number of confederates, got up in various characters—from the clergyman in rusty black, to the countrywoman with her basket on her arm—carry on the sale briskly, and articles are rapidly sold at very low prices. If the visitor is not wary and sensible, he is sure to bid, and may possibly find himself, before he leaves, the purchaser of an antiquated old sofa, a set of rickety chairs, or a Brummagem dinner service, at double their value.

Another dodge is generally tried on retired military or naval officers. The swindler sends a letter recalling some reminiscence of mutual service in an army corps, or on board a man-of-war, a number of years ago. He mentions his vivid recollection of these happy days, and hints that he has not been over-fortunate in worldly affairs. He has been security for a friend, who has failed to meet the bill which he himself has had to pay. The last instalment is nearly due, and he is still eight or ten pounds short, while the consequences will be serious if the money is not forthcoming. Can he presume so far upon the memory of old times as to ask a small loan to tide him over the difficulty? This type of swindler possesses more than an average education, and his information regarding the antecedents of his intended dupe is curiously accurate. It is probably gathered from some old tar or discharged soldier, many of whom are extremely garrulous regarding their favourite officers or old masters.

An ingenious fraud has lately been practised in London. A tall well-dressed man, apparently a City merchant on his way home from business, is seen talking on the street to a man in workman's dress who carries a basket and some tools. The 'merchant' accosts some well-dressed passenger, and tells him the 'mechanic's' tale of want of employment and family distress. He adds that he has satisfied himself of the truth of the story, and is about to give a trifle; will the gentleman join in giving a small sum to relieve deserving necessity? The apparent respectability of the voucher often succeeds where a common begging petition would fail, and the person accosted generally gives something. A gentleman who had given a small sum saw both swindlers issue in company from a public-house some time after. Of course, on seeing him they decamped.

A clever dodge has lately come to light, which shows how thoroughly the swindler understood those on whom he was to operate, and forms a curious commentary on the relations between servants and tradesmen. A man having the appearance of a gentleman's servant called on several tradesmen in a fashionable part of London, asking them to come to a certain house for orders for different classes of goods, at the same time throwing out a suggestion that a small gratuity for himself would be acceptable, and might not be lost by the tradesman in a distribution of further orders. In a number of instances, small sums were given; but when the shopmen attended at the place named, they found their services were not required, and that the small fees had flowed into the pocket of some clever rascal.

Swindling, though extremely annoying to the victim, often presents a comical side to the

onlooker. That our Yankee cousins are go-ahead in their rascality, as in all else, the following story will show. We all know the usefulness of an ulster in covering a rusty coat or a ragged pair of trousers, but few would have the ingenuity to make the ulster the means of supplying food, raiment, and money. A clever rogue having equipped himself in a large ulster of fashionable make, and provided himself with the indispensable handbag, entered a Chicago hotel pretty late at night. Mentioning that he had just arrived in the city, and was to leave early next morning for New York, he took a room for the night and went to bed. Early next morning, the new guest's bell was rung violently. The servant who answered it found him highly excited. His room, he said, had been entered during the night, and his only pair of trousers, containing his purse, fifteen and a quarter dollars, and a through-ticket for New York, had been stolen. The landlord was called up. The guest stamped on the floor, and used language anything but canonical. What could the landlord do? It would be in the highest degree unfortunate if his house got the reputation of being conducted in such a way that a man's trousers were not safe in his bedroom. What he and nearly a dozen subsequent landlords did was to provide a pair of new trousers, replace or lend the missing dollars—the guest did not care which—buy a ticket for some place or other, apologise, and decline payment for entertainment provided. Plying his lucrative game in various localities, the happy inventor had erelong plenty of dollars, many pairs of trousers, and railway tickets in every direction. But one landlord who had heard confidentially about the missing trousers from a puzzled brother in trade, angrily declared that his guest had brought no trousers with him, and instead of apologising and supplying money and pants, he coated his lodger's nether limbs with tar and feathers and turned him out in that condition.

Another specimen is too good to be willingly lost, for in this case the rogue was more actuated by a 'plaguy drouth' than by any criminal intent. Several 'Paisley bodies' had had a prolonged drinking-bout. Their money was done, and their credit exhausted, for the host had trusted as far as he dared; but their throats were as dry as ever. A shilling had been screwed by one out of an unwilling acquaintance; but alas! it would not go far among the lot. A bright idea struck one of the party. 'Give it to me,' said he, 'and I will double it.' It was accordingly handed over; and the 'crony' forthwith repaired to the nearest pawnshop and offered the shilling in pledge. 'Mine uncle' grinned, and thinking it some drunken wager, he laughingly offered tenpence. This was immediately accepted, and a pawn-ticket given, marked, at the pledger's request, 'A piece of silver-plate.' The pledger now returned to the public-house. His companions were at first rather dubious of the wisdom of his procedure, but were soon undeceived. He ordered some ale, and while paying the landlord, remarked to his companions on the shabbiness of the pawnbroker. The words 'Piece of plate' made the host prick up his ears. He made some inquiry, was shown the pawn-ticket, and told that an old heirloom had been sacrificed. The

innkeeper knew they were no thieves; and the upshot was that he purchased the ticket for another shilling's-worth of ale, to be immediately supplied. The rascals had the ale consumed and were off, before the publican, going to lift his 'plate' from pawn, found he had been bit.

Time and space would fail us to mention the various swindles in the shape of sham agencies, foreign lotteries, and deceptive advertisements of all kinds that are continually being forced on the notice of a gullible public. If the ingenuity now being wasted by rogues in cheating people were employed in some useful occupation, it could hardly fail of being successful; and the most likely way to induce them to take an honest course is by the public turning a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer and refusing to be imposed on.

## NOTES ON CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

WE quitted the *Point du Jour* with a pleasant impression of our brief sojourn at Montbard. The next day's halt was at Sens; and now our journey was drawing to a close, and we expected to reach Paris at night. Before doing so, however, we were destined to a second adventure. Some of our party not having seen the palace at Fontainebleau, it was arranged that we should make a detour and visit it on our way. When, late in the afternoon we reached the place, we found the whole town on the alert. The king (Louis-Philippe) was expected. He was coming, accompanied by the whole court; so that to see the palace was out of the question. 'And your reaching Paris to-night,' added the innkeeper, 'is equally impossible. Every horse on the road has been engaged for His Majesty, who always travels with a large retinue. I have excellent accommodation at your service, a well-served cuisine, the best beds. Fontainebleau is a charming sojourn, and'—

The entrance of the postillion cut short our host's loquacity. He confirmed the statement of the latter as to the improbability of being able to get horses; but added, that if we were willing to take chance and go on another *poste*, his horses would be rested and refreshed in a couple of hours, and could take us on. We accepted his offer, despite the remonstrances and grumblings of the landlord, and having ordered dinner, sallied out for a ramble while it was in preparation.

At the end of the next stage, some diligence horses were fortunately to be had; but on reaching Penthièvre, we came to a full stop; not a quadruped was procurable for love or money. The entire population of the little town was in the street, eagerly looking out for the royal cortège, which was every moment expected to pass through. We had nothing for it but to await patiently that event, and then remain until some of the horses which had brought Louis-Philippe were sufficiently rested to proceed with us. The posthouse was a miserable-looking place, dirty and uninviting, so that the ladies of the party preferred staying in the carriage; the maid following the example of her mistresses, and

remaining in her seat on the rumble behind, a proceeding which, as we shall see, nearly cost her her life.

Nothing could be more amusing than the scene around us. A French crowd is always entertaining, but this was especially so, from the state of intense excitement of every man, woman, and child. Young and old, all were talking, gesticulating, giving their opinion, laying down the law. The king was of course the grand topic, the absorbing object of interest. How soon he would probably arrive, where he was at that precise moment, the conjectured number of his carriages, the incidents and reminiscences of former passings-through—all were debated, canvassed, commented on, with nods, shrugs, grimaces, and contortions such as a Frenchman alone is capable of. The postillions and their horses added not a little to the animation of the scene. The latter, which were all gray, without a single exception, were fastened up against a wall opposite the posthouse, to be in readiness at a moment's warning. They were fidgety animals, tossing their heads and pawing the ground with impatience.

The French postillion—an individual now almost extinct—was as peculiar and marked among his countrymen, and in appearance as different from them as the sturdy *poissardes* of Boulogne and Dieppe are unlike their sister citizens whose business is unconnected with deep waters. Tall, heavy, and strongly built, one would have imagined him ill calculated for his calling, and in a country, too, where diminutive men predominate. The huge French postillion was often gruff and taciturn—another contrast to the natives in general; given, too, to grumbling at the end of his stage; but that is, I believe, a characteristic of the driving fraternity all over the world. He was generally good-looking; and his costume—the glazed round hat with its smart cockade, blue jacket with crimson facings, yellow leather breeches, and enormous jack-boots—set off to advantage his stalwart figure.

We were drawn up quite close to the posthouse, to be out of the way when the cortège arrived, the pole of our carriage almost touching the wall of the building. Soon after taking up this position, a little old man with a basket of cakes on his arm came up to us and asked us to buy some. He was a lean, shrivelled, little creature, with a huge pair of earrings, and a brown face like a walnut. Very neat in his person; his linen jacket and apron, with the cloth that covered his basket, were as white as snow. We did not mind him at first, but he returned often to the charge.

'Buy my cakes, ladies,' he said; 'they are excellent. First quality flour, best of butter, and such sugar and fruit! Plenty of spice too, and no stint of eggs. They melt in the mouth. Poor Marie taught me to make them—Marie, you know! My little daughter makes them too; but I never allow her to come out and sell them. She is too young and too pretty; not so pretty, though, as Marie! Buy my cakes, my excellent cakes.'

To please the poor little man, and get rid of his importunities, we invested in some of his manufactures. They did not quite come up to his description of them, but were highly appreciated by the children to whom they were

distributed when his back was turned. He continued to patronise us, and to hover round the carriage, coming back from time to time with tidings and conjectures about the great event in expectation. There was something very peculiar in his look—a wild unsettled gleam in his eyes, and his movements were restless and abrupt. He talked perpetually, running on in a rambling incoherent way, often to himself when no one was paying attention to him. A woman who had seen him talking to us, shook her head, and said: 'Ah, poor little Jeannot! there he goes with his cakes. A worthy creature; but all wrong here, you understand,' she added, tapping her forehead; 'he was never the same since he lost his wife.'

The subject of her remarks returning to us at this moment, prevented our asking any questions. He was soon on his old theme, 'poor Marie.' It was not difficult to draw his little story from him; he told it unconnectedly, by fits and starts, and may be thus translated:

'Marie was very pretty, and she was good too—the best girl in the village. We loved each other from childhood, ah, how dearly! and we always settled to be married some day. Marie's father and mother gave their consent on condition that we should have between us a certain sum beforehand to begin our little *ménage*. We were too happy at the prospect of being united to mind any conditions, however hard; so we set to work both of us to try and increase our little store. It was no easy task. I had an old blind mother to support out of my earnings; and though Marie made cakes, and had such a winning way with her that she sold twice as much as any one else, still the purse filled slowly. Time went on, however, and we met with various pieces of good fortune. My Marie was so industrious and so clever; everything prospered with her, and with me, for her sake. We grew rich at last, so rich that the sum was nearly made up. How happy we were! and twice as fond of each other as ever. But before the year was out, ah, what a blow came! The conscription took place—I was drawn for a soldier!

"What is to become of us now, Marie?" I cried. "We are lost!"

'She threw her arms round my neck, and wept as if her heart would break. Then suddenly starting up, she ran into her own little room, and bringing out her purse, pressed it into my hand. "There," she sobbed; "take that, Jeannot. You have more; we can buy a substitute."

"But our marriage—our marriage, Marie!" and I wrung my hands in despair.

"Well, *mon ami*, it must only be put off. We must go to work again and get more money. We are both so young, Jeannot, so very young!"

'There was no help for it. I was bought off. It took more than half our funds; and I was very down-hearted at having to begin afresh. Marie had much more courage. The year passed on, and brought joy at its close. An old uncle, a grocer at Dijon, died and left me a small legacy. Marie became mine.

'What a nice cottage we had, and how prettily it was furnished! How proud I was of my little wife, my own darling Marie! She was so good to my poor blind mother, who lived with us, and loved her dearly. Every morning she took out

her cakes to sell, and customers increased fast. Soon, however, she began to stay more at home, and instead of her pastry, she used to work at tiny caps and pinafores; and when strangers came in, she hid them away shyly and blushed like a rose. I sold wood, which I bought *en gros* round the country; and it was a profitable trade. Ah, how happy we were!

"There was a great sale of trees in a forest beyond Fontainebleau, and I started off to attend it and get bargains. I promised my dear little wife to be back in a few days. She did not like me to be long away from her just then; and as for me, I could not bear to have her out of my sight. I had only been two days at the place, when they came to tell me that a boy from Penthievre had come and wanted to see me. I flew to meet him.

"Joy, joy!" he exclaimed; "you have a charming little daughter!"

"And Marie?" I cried.

"She sent me off to tell you the news and to beg you would not delay your return."

"Delay indeed! The leagues seemed to lengthen before me on my road back, so great was my impatience to get home. At last I reached my own door. I pushed it open; I pressed on towards Marie's room, when a woman came out against me.

"Stop!" she said; "I have brought you the infant. Won't you look at your child?"

"Ah, it is a nice little thing," I said, kissing it; "but I want to see Marie. Let me pass."

"No, no—not yet. Wait a minute, there's a good man. She can't see you just now; she can't indeed."

"Not see her own Jeannot?"

"No, I tell you.—Don't push by me; you will disturb her. She is not so well—she is asleep—she!"

"I freed myself, and rushed in. O mon Dieu! Marie!—that marble face—the flowers—those white draperies—the crucifix on her breast—the crowds in the room—my old blind mother sobbing at the bedside, her apron thrown over her face—what did it all mean? Marie, Marie! won't you speak to me? Cold—silent—still! My head turned round, my sight swam; I ran out of the house!"

"Father!" cried a young girl from the crowd, running up to the little cakeman and pulling him by the sleeve, 'the king is coming! See, every one is preparing. They are getting out the horses. Come away, come away!'

There was indeed a great stir. The people, chattering, clamouring, and jostling, separated to the right and left to leave a free passage. The postillions pulled off their blouses, and gave a hasty glance over their finery. But no one came; it was a false alarm.

Another tedious hour passed away. It grew very cold, and so dark that the poor little cakeman's white garments could no longer be distinguished from the dusky mass as he flitted restlessly about. At length a distant sound was heard. It grew louder. 'Le roi! le roi!' passed in hoarse, awed murmurs from mouth to mouth. A sudden silence fell upon the crowd. The king's courier galloped up, and in an instant all was ready, the horses out, the postillions at their posts.

Another moment, and the long train of carriages came dashing in at full gallop—royalty always travels fast. The halt was of short duration. In less time than I have taken to describe it, the horses were changed, the lamps lit all along the line of carriages, flashing up one after another into sudden brilliancy; and the glittering cortège continued its rapid progress.

From the carriage window we looked after the dazzling cavalcade, and watched it disappearing into the darkness. Suddenly a thundering sound was heard approaching; and then came a violent crash. Our carriage was dashed forwards against the posthouse—the pole and forepart shattered by the concussion. There was a noise behind of furious struggling and plunging of horses—a feeling as if the rumble and roof of the vehicle were coming crashing in over our heads—a confusion of shrieks, oaths, and exclamations outside; while high over all the din, the piercing screams of our luckless abigail sounded in our ears.

Stunned and utterly bewildered, it was some minutes before we could make out what had happened. The first object that met our eyes on recovering from the shock was our poor maid being carried into the posthouse.

'Be calm, Mesdames,' exclaimed the voice of little Jeannot, who was foremost of a sympathising crowd gathered round us; 'she is not hurt, heaven be praised! only very much frightened. One of the horses is dead. Look at him, poor beast, lying stretched behind your carriage. Ciel! how he plunged. If Mademoiselle had not climbed up on the roof, it would have been all over with her. The driver is terribly injured. They have taken him into the house, only just alive.'

It now appeared that at the moment the royal cavalcade left Penthievre, the carriage of the Duc de Beauvon was proceeding from his château in the neighbourhood, along the road to the town, with the lamps unlit. The mania for English horses was just then at its height among the young French nobility; and the week before, the Duc de Beauvon had purchased a pair of magnificent English thoroughbreds for I know not how many thousand francs. These spirited animals were now drawing the carriage, which was luckily empty. The king's courier, who was galloping considerably in front, came in the darkness into collision with the horses. They took fright; and when the train of carriages, glittering with lights and going full speed, passed them, became unmanageable, and set off at a furious pace. They followed madly along until they dashed up against our devoted carriage. The shock may be imagined! The rumble was flattened in; one of the Duke's horses, a splendid gray, striking his head with violence against the iron and fracturing his skull. The poor animal in his dying struggles leaped so high that had not the maid, with great presence of mind, scrambled up on the roof, as Jeannot described, his forefeet would have surely struck her. As it was, her escape was almost miraculous.

The Duc de Beauvon was soon on the spot. He came attended by three or four English grooms, and their lamentations over the 'gallant gray' were grievous. As for us, we were soon surrounded by all the blacksmiths of Penthievre. After a noisy consultation, they decided that by their

united efforts it would be possible to patch up our dilapidated equipage so as to enable us to proceed on our journey.

Before leaving Penthievre, we learned that the Duke's coachman, though seriously hurt, was likely to recover. The courier who had been the innocent cause of the night's disaster was the man immortalised by the pencil of Horace Vernet. It was he who, having met with a mischance while on duty with the king, was bled by the hands of his royal master. The incident is the subject of a painting in the gallery at Versailles. On this occasion, fortunately, his horse was the only sufferer.

How different was the scene of our next rencontre with Louis-Philippe! In his own palace, the lordly Tuileries, radiant with lights, and brilliant with gorgeous uniforms and sparkling diamonds, it took place. It was the 'reception' night; and here, attended by his family and courtiers, His Majesty made the round of the salons, receiving the homage of the company, ranged along for the purpose of being presented; for, unlike the ceremonial at our own court, where the sovereign stands to receive the obeisance of those defiling before 'the presence,' here at the Tuileries it was royalty that moved, the subjects that remained stationary. Our party was at a short distance from the doors, and thus some little time elapsed before the royal personages reached us in their progress down the room. First came the king, his shrewd clever face beaming with frank good-nature; and after him the queen, tall and fragile, with silver hair and careworn looks. Then followed the handsome, graceful Duc d'Orleans, with his Duchess, full of German *bonhomie* and the sensible expression that atoned for lack of beauty. How serene she looked, that happy young wife, all unconscious of what was before her—of the day, so near, when Paris was convulsed to its centre by the tidings of the carriage accident in the Bois de Boulogne that made her a widow! Well it is for us all that the future is shrouded from our eyes; and how especially well for the family of Louis-Philippe that they could not foresee the trials and reverses that were in after years to come. The Duchesse de Nemours, Princesse Clementine, and the three brothers De Nemours, D'Aumale, and Montpensier, came next. They were each attended by their households, and the same ceremony observed as in the case of the king and queen. Our names were asked by the lady or gentleman in waiting, who repeating it, presented us. All the royal family, except the Duc d'Orleans, spoke a few gracious words to each in succession as we were introduced. The Duke's aim just then was to gain popularity and to ingratiate himself with his countrymen, and with that view, his courtesies towards the English were scant. Louis-Philippe, on the contrary, treated them with marked attention.

Three days after the reception came our invitations to the court ball. A magnificent fête it was, and most conspicuous was the talent for producing effect, so peculiar to the French, in all its arrangements and decorations. The Countess of G—, one of the ladies of the bedchamber to our own Queen, was the chaperon of our party. She was at once recognised, and led up to the benches occupied by the foreign

ambassadors and the ladies-in-waiting of the French court, and thus we had the good fortune of being seated quite close to the royal family.

The supper-room that night looked like fairyland. It was the theatre of the palace fitted up for the purpose—the stage and pit being laid out with tables, and each box forming a little separate refreshment-room. Flowers, mirrors, statues, draperies, lights, ornaments—all were combined with exquisite effect; and what made the scene strange in our eyes was, that none but ladies were present. When the signal for supper was given, our cavaliers separated from their partners and drew back, forming a lane through which the many-coloured procession—a kaleidoscope of silks and satins and velvets, flowers and feathers and gleaming jewels—moved towards the theatre.

There the effect was curious; such an assemblage of womankind, the footmen, in their gorgeous state liveries, who waited upon the fair company, being the only individuals of the opposite sex to be seen. It was a new experience to find one's self on a festive occasion making one of such a congregation of ladies. We are used to the idea of bodies of men gathered together—at public dinners and the like; but an exclusively feminine assembly was certainly a novelty. Before leaving the fairy-like theatre, we turned to take a long look at it. The departing procession—those moving wreaths of figures of every hue and tint all branching off in different ways to gain the outlets to the doors—looked like the intricate mazes of some fantastic ballet.

When the tables were re-decked, the signal for the gentlemen's supper was given. Shortly after this, the royal party retired. Departures followed each other in due succession; and soon the brilliant Tuileries were left to silence and repose.

## THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACT (1882).

WHILE the attention of the public was taken up with the disturbances in Ireland and in Egypt, there was passed very quietly through both our legislative assemblies, in the ordinary session of 1882, an Act of Parliament which is destined to exert a considerable influence on the social and domestic life of this country. The short title of this Act is given above; its provisions will apply to all parts of the United Kingdom except Scotland, and it will come into force on the first of January 1883. Twenty or thirty years ago, such an Act would have been considered revolutionary; a man who had dared to advocate the views that will thus shortly become law would have been represented as a social firebrand, as an enemy to marriage, as throwing an apple of discord between husband and wife, as a disturber of the peace and the harmony of family life. Nothing of the kind, however, has occurred; Lord Selborne's Act has been accepted without any angry debate, and has been passed in a comparatively tranquil spirit.

The Married Women's Property Act (1882) is not a long or an unusually technical document; and seeing that it will affect half the families in the kingdom, we recommend the public

to buy the Act and study it for themselves. Excepting a few legal phrases here and there in the Act, the ordinary reader will be able to arrive at the meaning of this new law, which is a measure very much in favour of married women who have separate property. It does not give them power over the property of their husbands; but it does give them—what they have not had in this country before—absolute power over their own property. Under the new Act, a married woman with money (south of the Border) will be able to keep it, invest it, spend it, save it, and dispose of it by will, exactly the same as if she had remained single. Her husband will have no power to touch it or to interfere with it in any way; nor will his consent or signature in any case be necessary for its management or disposal. A wife who had consols standing in her own name before her marriage, will continue to hold them as her separate property, without settlements, and without the approval of her husband, just the same as if she were a man. If a husband and wife live apart, and the husband appropriates any of his wife's property—as is frequently the case now; for under such circumstances many a husband thinks he has a perfect right to take what belongs to his wife—it will be considered stealing, and she will be able to prosecute him as she would any other criminal who stole her property. The provisions of the Act also apply, not only to women who marry after the first of January 1883, but to all women who were married before the said date, as it has regard also to all property to which they may become entitled subsequent to the first of January 1883.

It is an Act that perhaps will affect the lower and middle classes more than it will affect the Upper Ten Thousand. For working-men and for the general trading community, it has a special interest and importance. In thousands of English homes at present, for example, the hard-working wife earns the living, sometimes bringing up a large family of children, while the husband spends his time in idleness, and in addition, not unfrequently demands money from his wife to waste on strong drink. This is a grievous wrong to a married woman, for which, as the law now stands, she can obtain no redress. In the future, all this will be altered, or at any rate if a wife submits to such treatment it will be her own fault, not the fault of the law. Her remedy will be to leave her husband. If he annoy his wife or take any money from her when they are living apart, she can protect herself by taking criminal proceedings against him.

It has been said that married women themselves, by various ways and means, will defeat the object of the new Act. In some cases, doubtless, they may do so; but we do not think that this will happen generally. Women, it would seem, are often stone-blind to the frailties or even the vices of the men whom they love; for they sometimes allow their husbands to coax or coerce them out of their property without protest or complaint. But will this be so in the future? We think not. Is not this spaniel-like submission in some measure owing to the fact that English wives know that the law of the land affords them little or no protection as regards their own money? Legally, they know that they

are nonentities; they know that their individuality is merged and lost in the individuality of their husbands. But when the law is altered, we believe that, as a general rule, married women will avail themselves of its provisions, and that they will not now, as in the past, so tamely acquiesce in being plundered of their earnings and property.

Furthermore, we have an impression that the new Act will have a very salutary effect on those husbands who, too indolent to work themselves, pillage the savings of their wives and abuse them into the bargain. To such men, more especially in large towns, the law is their only standard of right and wrong; when higher motives fail, their conduct is always influenced by the enactments on the statute-book. Indeed, speaking generally, we may say that if the law be not a reflection of public opinion, it invariably affects public opinion in this country. Now, a married woman separated from her husband is never safe without a divorce, which poor people have not the means to obtain. The husband can claim the earnings or wages of his wife as his own property; he knows that legally his wife's money belongs to him. But this will not be so under the new Act. He may coax money from his wife in the future, of course; but he cannot take it as a right; he must be content to accept it as a loan or as a gift. This, to drunken, cruel, or slothful husbands, will be quite a new experience, an experience which will be sure to have its effect on their conduct. Should they, in order to get possession of the earnings of their wives, resort to violence, then the law will grasp them with a vigorous hand. For wives with bad husbands, we regard the new Act as an unmixed blessing; and on the whole, we think it is favourable to society generally. In well-ordered homes, its probable effect will not be great; it will simply modify the marriage relationship, giving wives a more pronounced individuality of character and position.

The great principle which this Act seems to embody and enforce is, that husbands and wives may have separate as well as joint interests. Not until 1870 was this principle recognised by the English law. In that year, and again in 1874, measures were passed adopting what we may call this new social truth; and the Act of 1882 goes much further in the same direction, consolidating, amending, indeed to a great extent repealing the Acts of 1870 and 1874. Henceforth, no husband will be able to say to his wife: 'What is yours, is mine.'

Doubtless there are persons who will regard the present Act as too sweeping in its character. One of its provisions is, that a married woman may enter into contracts; that is, become a trustee, executrix, or administratrix, without the consent of her husband; a doctrine almost sufficient to make Sir William Blackstone turn in his grave. In some parts of America there is in operation the 'Cup and Saucer Act,' so called because it was said by the opponents of the measure, when it was first agitated, that if it became law, a husband would not be allowed to use his wife's teacups. That Act, however, appears to work well; and we see no strong reasons why the Married Women's Property Act should not work well in this country. To

married women it brings responsibilities as well as advantages. A wife with separate property will have to support her husband, children, and grandchildren, should they become chargeable to any union or parish; and if she carries on a trade apart from her husband, she will be subject to the bankruptcy laws. A wife who lends money to her husband for business purposes, will only have a poor chance of getting a dividend in case of his bankruptcy; for the claims of all the other creditors must be satisfied before hers. To the extent of her separate property, a married woman will be liable for all the debts she may have contracted prior to her marriage. For debts contracted after marriage by a wife having money of her own, the husband will not be liable unless she has acted as his agent. The Act provides that a married woman can sue or be sued for money independently of her husband; and as a wife can take criminal proceedings against her husband, so in like manner, when the circumstances are reversed, the husband can take criminal proceedings against his wife. The precise effect of the law as regards both married and unmarried people, remains yet to be seen; but in any case, the Act will have its uses, and will certainly remove some of the grievances under which married women have undoubtedly suffered in the past.

#### THE OLD CLAYMORE.

It is a matter of history how, after the battle of Culloden, the victorious soldiers ravaged the Highlands and ill-treated the inhabitants. For a long time afterwards, under the pretence of disarming them, the Highlanders were hunted and shot down like wild beasts, their habitations were burned, and their cattle and gear carried off. The record of these crimes forms such a tale of ruin and brutality, that one can scarcely believe such events have occurred in our own country within the last hundred and fifty years. Nevertheless, it was so.

Not long ago, an incident occurred to me, when on a visit to a minister in Glen Isla, which told forcibly how deep the memories of that troubled time had sunk into the hearts of the people, and how even now the anger could flash from the eyes of old men, and the blood run warm in their veins, when recalling their own reminiscences. We had returned from a day's fishing, had stowed away our rods and reels, and sat talking about the beauties of the Glen—its grand heather-covered mountains lit up by the setting sun, while the music of the rushing Isla sounded in our ears as it danced over its pebbly bed, or dashed against the big boulders which obstructed its course. Our conversation reverted to the inhabitants of the Glen; and my reverend friend informed me that a little way up there lived an old Highlander who could not be much less than ninety years old, and whose memory was still good; and that now and then, under certain circumstances, the old man would warm up and tell his tales of the old troubled days in his father's time, when Glen Isla and many another Highland valley was laid waste by a bloodthirsty soldiery.

In the cool of the evening, we strolled up to the old man's dwelling. It was an ancient cottage, situated a little way back from the road. The light played with a thousand tints among the mosses of the thickly thatched roof, and over it a thin curl of blue smoke hung lazily in the evening air. A few gnarled hawthorn trees sheltered the cottage from the blasts which swept down the mountain-sides; a patch of ground sloping down towards the river was devoted to the cultivation of cabbages, potatoes, &c.; while in front, the little garden was one blaze of flowers. High up, on the brow of the hill which formed the background, two or three goats in a semi-wild state were feeding, and stood out in bold relief against the evening sky. A little way down the road, the river Isla was arched over by an old bridge. Altogether, the spot breathed of quiet, peace, and content; and one could hardly fancy that the cruel sounds of war had ever been heard near so tranquil a spot.

As we approached the cottage, we were confronted by a boy of about ten years of age—such a little man! with neck, arms, and legs bare, and as brown as a nut; his dark hair innocent of brush and comb; and his eyes like those of an eagle—keen, piercing, determined, and intelligent. As he recognised the minister, his expression relaxed into a half-bashful smile, but quickly reverted into a somewhat distrustful look as he fixed his eye upon me, the stranger.

'Well, Alick, my man, is your grandfather in?' asked my friend.

'Ay, sir; he's ben the house,' he answered. 'Will ye please to step in?—Grandfather, here's the minister frae the manse asking for ye.'

As we entered, the old man rose with difficulty from his seat to welcome us. He pulled off his bonnet to the minister, who kindly shook hands with him. His figure was thin and bent, but wiry even now. In his younger days, he must have stood at least six feet; and his strong bony frame showed that at one time he had been a man of great strength. His face was furrowed with wrinkles, and his head was covered with a crop of snow-white hair. His eyes were gray, and the glance he directed at me was keen and proud. In a shaky voice, he asked us to sit down.

'Well, Alick,' said the minister, 'and how are you? You're looking well. This fine warm weather agrees with you.'

'Thank ye, sir. I'm doing fine; but I'm getting auld, and I'm thinking my time must be near at hand.'

'You're quite right, Alick, to think of what must come to us all some day or other; and you know we must all grow old in our turn, if God spares us. You, too, were young and hearty once, when your father was old and gray.'

'Deed, and that I was, sir; but it's langsyne—langsyne!'

'This, Alick, is an old friend of mine,' said the minister, again turning to me, 'whom I have brought to shake hands with you.'

A kindlier look than I had yet seen filled his eyes as the old man bade me welcome.

'It's a long time, Alick,' said my friend, 'since your father was laid to rest beside your mother and his two brothers in the old kirkyard; but you remember you have often told me that

his life was a more troubled one than yours has ever been; and indeed I have often wondered that he lived to such a good old age, for his stone says he was ninety-five when he fell asleep.

The mention of his father's troubled life evidently affected him, and I could see the light gathering in the old man's eyes.

'Father had a bad time o't, minister. But I maunna say too much before strangers.'

'You need not be afraid, Alistair; my friend can keep what he hears to himself, when necessary.'

'Much need, sir—much need. An idle word has cost many a man his life before now.'

My friend motioned me to keep quiet, for the old man was evidently beginning to waken up, and the cleverly directed questions were drawing him out gradually.

'And so your father was ninety-five. Well, Alistair, that is a good bit more than the allotted time of most men.'

'Deed, sir, it is that; and I whiles think it was fear that kept him living so long.'

'Fear, Alistair! How do you make that out? I thought your father knew nothing about fear!'

'Fear, sir!' said the old man with a flash of fire kindling in his eyes—'fear, sir! My father never knew fear; nor his father before him, nor any of his bairns. It was no the ordinary fear—it was fear that the dragoons should come again, *and him not there to kill them*—that was the fear that kept father livin'!'

The fire was ablaze now; the old man's blood was running warm, and his pulse beating quicker. It was a conflict between his undaunted Highland spirit and his years—a conflict in which old age for the time being was vanquished. The fountains of his memory were opened, and the old man's tongue was loosened.

He told us how his father had been 'out in the '45'—how he had fought at Culloden in the 'good cause'—how he had been defeated—and how, as a fugitive, his father, with his own hand, had slain his pursuers; and at length, wounded and weary, he had reached the cottage where we now were. He told us how the vengeance-dealing soldiers and dragoons had followed him up, and how two of his brothers had been murdered in cold blood on the 'gowan brae' at the back of the house; and how his father had to hide in a cave away among the hills—a cave into which he could only crawl backwards, and where his only sustenance for months was a skinful of cold porridge, which his little daughter managed to convey from time to time to the neighbourhood of his hiding-place, choosing a different path each time she went, so as to avoid detection. At length, he told us, the search was given up—the soldiers were withdrawn; and more dead than alive, his father struggled back, to find his home made desolate, his kinsfolk slain, and starvation staring him in the face! Years passed away; but the poor people lived in constant dread of a return of the cruel soldiers; and one day many years afterwards, a detachment of dragoons was seen coming along the road towards the bridge. 'My father saw them comin'; and single-handed he went forth to meet them. He had put on his kilt, the wearing of which had been forbidden, and took his claymore with him. When the dragoons came to the bridge, my father drew his

sword, and said: 'You shall not cross the bridge, I tell you. Come down from your horses one by one, and I will fight with you. Or come down, if you dare, two at a time, and I will fight with you. But you shall not cross the bridge!' My father stood there with his drawn claymore; and the dragoons were feared; *they laughed a laugh of fear*, and then they rode away again down the road; and my father stood there waitin'; but they never came back. Then my father came back and put away his claymore.'

Here the old man paused. Rising from his seat, he crept slowly to the door of the cottage, which he opened, and looked cautiously up and down the road. He then bolted the door of the room, and making a sign inculcating silence, he stood erect, and stretched his withered arm up to the rafters beneath the roof. From this hiding-place he pulled forth an old claymore, hacked and stained. 'This,' he said, holding out the weapon with trembling hand at arm's-length—'this is my father's claymore. With this he fought at Culloden; and this he has plunged into the heart of many of the bloodthirsty loons who desolated our land; and this is the claymore which frightened away the dragoons from the bridge, and would have killed every one of them, if they had dared to cross!'

The old man ceased speaking. He still stood tall and erect, with his snow-white locks falling on his shoulders, and the claymore trembling in his hand. His fiery spirit, which had sustained him during the time he was recalling the scenes of his youth, was yielding to his age; one more effort he made, and managed to put back the old claymore under the rafters; but his tough old frame was exhausted, and he sank back in his arm-chair by the fireside.

#### THE ART OF GOOD LIVING.

It is not in the newest work that one always finds the greatest interest, and a small octavo picked up at a bookstall has afforded us more entertainment than we should probably have found in the latest addition to Mudie's well-stocked shelves. The stall-keeper had evidently formed a hasty judgment of the book, based on the two most prominent words of the title-page, since he had carelessly thrown it into a basket with a miscellaneous array of others, attaching a label, 'Theological Works, one shilling each!' Taking up the book, curiosity was excited by noting that the volume was 'dedicated to the Right Worshipful the Court of Aldermen,' and that the author was described as 'Fellow of the Beef-steak Club, and an Honorary Member of several Foreign Picnics.' Curious to see what such a writer could find to say on theology, especially to such patrons, we purchased the volume and bore it home for careful perusal. Further examination showed that the author offered his book to the aforesaid Worshipful Court 'as a slight testimony of admiration for the capaciousness of their stomachs as well as of their understandings, and for the solidity of their heads as well as of their principles.' After this, we were not unprepared for the racy morsels that awaited us in the volume itself, of which the full title is, '*Essays: Moral, Philosophical, and*

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*Stomachical, on the Important Science of Good Living.* By Launcelot Sturgeon, Esq. London: Whittaker, 1822.

The author starts by affirming that 'a stomach which is proof against all trials is the greatest of all blessings;' and declares it would be easy to demonstrate that it exercises an extended influence over the destinies of life. Epicurism is the result of 'that choicest gift of heaven, a refined and discriminating taste;' while gluttony is a mere effort of the appetite. To assist the uninitiated in forming a refined taste, seems to be the author's aim; and in a succession of chapters he lays down what he terms 'moral maxims and reflections,' all calculated to tend in that direction. Many reasons might be assigned for dining late; but one is sufficient: that, trivial concerns being dismissed, 'all our thoughts may be concentrated on our plate, and our undivided attention bestowed on what we are eating.' No one should hurry over a good dinner, and we are amazed to learn that 'five hours are a reasonable time to remain at table;' while the author is careful to remark that 'a well-bred man never looks at his watch in company.' He who keeps dinner waiting commits an irreparable injury, and such men should be looked upon as the common enemies of society. A bad dinner admits of no palliative, for one may as well be starved as poisoned, and he who invites you to 'take pot-luck,' must bear you some latent injury. 'Beware of such perfidious friends;' and to give more forcible expression to his indignant feelings, Mr Sturgeon suggests a new reading of Horace—

This man is vile; here, Roman! fix your mark.  
His sole is black!

Only one offence is worse, and that is, 'to interrupt a man in the exercise of his jaws; therefore, never make an observation that requires an answer to any one while he is eating.'

The following paragraph must be quoted entire: 'When constrained to speak, abridge all superfluous words as a waste of valuable time; thus, if you wish to take wine with any one, instead of making a formal request to that effect, just bend the body quietly, and merely say: "Honour of some wine?" and if the same broken sentence be addressed to you, make no reply, but gently bob your head and fill your glass. But if either want of appetite or want of sense should lead you into a warm discussion during dinner, don't gesticulate with your knife in your hand, as if you were preparing to cut your antagonist's throat.'

The author is careful to advise the reader to avoid being seated near any large joint, 'unless you choose to incur the risk of being forced to waste your most precious moments in carving for others instead of for yourself.' Still, if one's untoward fate should place him behind a joint, a turkey, or a goose, no mistaken ideas of politeness should induce him to part with all the choice bits before he helps himself. 'Rise above such prejudices,' is the sage advice, 'of which weak minds are alone dupes; and turn a deaf ear to every request for any particular part on which you may have set your own inclination. We remember,' proceeds our author, 'to have dined, some years ago, with a country corporation, a

very prominent member of which was placed opposite to a noble haunch of venison, which, as may easily be supposed, was in universal request. He carved it with an alacrity and disposed of it with a degree of good-humour that was truly magnanimous; until a sleek, red-faced gentleman in a bob-wig, at the other end of the table, sent his plate a second time for another slice of fat; to whom our friend, eyeing him with some disdain, replied: "Another slice of fat, indeed! No, sir! There is but one slice left that is worth eating, and you cannot be so unconscionable as to expect it." Whereupon, he very composedly helped himself to what remained. His conduct was very generally applauded; and for our own part, we conceived the highest opinion of his judgment, and have ever since held him in the greatest respect.'

Passing reluctantly by many things about invitations to dinner—which, we are told, should always be penned in the morning, fasting—we scan hastily several chapters, and glean tidbits here and there. The 'moral qualities of the stomach' are dilated upon, and the author affirms that 'the greatest defect in the constitution is a bad stomach. If the stomach be unsound, the heart which is lodged in it must be corrupted. It therefore follows,' continues our facetious gastronome, 'that all abstemious people are persons of bad character.' This leads to a chapter on 'The Philosophy of the Stomach,' which opens with a learned argument in support of the proposition that a certain well-known proverb should read, 'Eat to live, and live to eat;' the writer contending that designing persons, by substituting *not* for *and*, have destroyed the meaning and the whole value of the axiom. Such persons, he adds, are only envious reformers, who, having nothing to eat themselves, would persuade us to stint our own precious stomachs, in order to ruin the revenue, and so deprive cabinet ministers of their dinners; whereas the supreme object of every good citizen should be to multiply dinners by every means in his power. The great purposes of digestion are thus amusingly described: 'Not only is it wholly destructive of all rational enjoyment to swallow down one's meat without taking proper time to comment upon its merits and expatiate upon the happiness it procures us—or, in other words, to chew it with measure and reflection, and turn it as often as a minister does a new measure of finance before he can make it palatable—but on this trituration depends not alone the ineffable pleasure to be derived from expressing and compounding the juices of the viands and the flavour of the sauces, but the important object also of their undisturbed repose during the process of digestion.'

As few of those who are old enough to appreciate the pleasures of the table possess their masticators unworn by the edge of time and service, our author finds it hard to lay down any fixed rule on this subject; but affirms, as the result of a long series of experiments, that a mouthful of solid meat requires thirty-two bites of a perfect set of teeth to prepare it for deglutition. Assuming that these requisites have been secured, the author says that all one requires besides is repose, and gravely recommends the following as an opiate before retiring to bed: 'Take equal parts of brandy and rum, each a large

wine-glassful, half a glass of arrack, and the same quantity of curaçoa. To these add the juice of two small limes, and the rind—peeled thin—of one, with *quant. suff.* of refined sugar to render the whole palatable. Then pour in double the quantity of strong decoction of gunpowder tea, boiling hot, with two glasses of warm calf's-foot jelly. Stir well together, and swallow instantaneously. To this he naively adds: 'If it fail of the desired effect, it can only be because either your conscience or your stomach is overloaded.'

Mr Sturgeon then proceeds to argue in favour of an improved system of education, by means of which children should, instead of reading Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, be instructed in those of Mrs Glasse, and proceed through a regular course of 'culinary classics.' He would have geography taught by associating Shrewsbury and Banbury with their cakes, the Isle of Wight with its cracknels, Kent with its cherries, Norfolk with its biffins, and Sussex with its dumplings. In the same spirit he would have travellers give their attention to matters of real utility, and carry culinary rather than astronomical instruments into unexplored regions. Instead of planetary, they should be required to take alimentary observations, to visit markets instead of libraries, and hold consultations with cooks instead of disputing with academicians.

These are a few of the entertaining morsels which, in the aggregate, make up a savoury dish of satire; and we can well imagine how many a bon-vivant of the last generation laughed at, even while he approved, these precepts on the art of good living.

#### MUMMY-FLOWERS.

In an interesting article which appeared in a recent number of the *Academy*, Miss Amelia B. Edwards describes some curious additions to the Boolak Museum of Cairo. Several of the royal mummies discovered last year at Deir-el-Bahari were, it will be remembered, found garlanded with flowers, those flowers being for the most part in wonderful preservation. M. Arthur Rhoné, in a recent letter to *Le Temps*, has described the extremely curious way in which these garlands are woven. They consist of the petals and sepals of various flowers, detached from their stems, and inclosed each in a folded leaf of either the Egyptian willow (*Salix salsaf*) or the *Mimusops Kummel Bruce*. The floral ornaments thus devised were then arranged in rows—the points being all set one way—and connected by means of a thread of date-leaf fibre woven in a kind of chain-stitch. The whole resembles a coarse 'edging' of vegetable lace-work. Among the flowers thus preserved are the bright blue blossoms of the *Delphinium orientale*, or larkspur; the blue lotus, or *Nymphaea carulea*; the white of *Nymphaea lotus*, with pink-tipped sepals; the blossoms of the *Sesbania Aegyptiaca*; and the orange-hued flower of the *Carthamus tinctorius*, or safflower, so largely employed as a dye by the ancient inhabitants of the Nile valley. The dried fruit, as well as the dried yellow blossom, of the *Acacia Nilotica* is likewise present; and mention is also made of the blossom of a species of water-melon now extinct. The foregoing are all interwoven in

the garlands in which the mummy of Amenhotep I. was elaborately swathed. With others of the royal mummies were found fine detached specimens of both kinds of lotus, the blue and the white, with stems, blossoms, and seed-pods complete. Still more interesting is it to learn that upon the mummy of the priest Nebsoohi, maternal grandfather of the King Pinotem II. (twenty-first dynasty), there was found a specimen of the lichen known to botanists as the *Parmelia furfuracea*. This plant is indigenous to the islands of the Greek Archipelago, whence it must have been brought to Egypt at or before the period of the Her-Hor Dynasty (1100 or 1200 B.C.). Under the Arabic name of 'Kheba,' it is sold by the native druggists in Cairo to this day.

These frail relics of many a vanished spring have been arranged for the Boolak Museum with exquisite skill by that eminent traveller and botanist Dr Schweinfurth. Classified, mounted, and, so to say, illustrated by modern examples of the same flowers and plants, they fill eleven cases—a collection absolutely unique, and likely ever to remain so. The hues of these old-world flowers are said to be as brilliant as those of their modern prototypes; and, but for the labels which show them to be three thousand years apart, no ordinary observer could distinguish between those which were buried with the Pharaohs and those which were gathered and dried only a few months ago.

#### THE SONG OF THE HEART.

BLITHELY sings the young heart, and cheerily shines the sun;

'Tis spring o' the year, 'tis early morn, and life is but begun.

The day is bright, the heart is light,  
And all the future years  
Stretch forth as fair, with never a care,  
Nor clouds, nor tears.

BOLDLY sings the young heart, but scorchingly shines the sun;

'Tis the summer now, 'tis mid-day heat, the work of life is begun.

But Hope runs high, while the steadfast eye,  
Fixed on the goal of Fame,  
Heeds not the glare, for he who will dare,  
Must win a name.

CHEERILY sings the old heart, while slowly sets the sun;

'Tis autumn chill, 'tis eventide, and rest is now begun.

Brave was the heart that did its part,  
And ever upheld the right:  
Now sets the sun, the work is done;  
Now comes the night.

HUSHED now is the tired heart, and set now is the sun;

'Tis winter-time, the stars gleam out, the new life is begun.

Calm is the sleep, and long and deep,  
But bright will the waking be;  
The Cross has been borne, the Crown will be worn  
Through all Eternity.

MARY J. MURCHIE.

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